# ¶An Epytaphe vpon the Death of M. Rychard Goodricke Esquier.

If euer Realme had cause to rue
The death and losse of any one
Then hath this realme iust cause and
This worthy dead man, to bemone (tru
By whom suche treasure theyr is losse
As scant the lyke, in Englandes cosse.

¶ A heade where learned Pallas sate
And settled wysdome dwelte lykewyse
And grounded skyll, for cómon state
That with forecaste, coulde well deuyse
Where learnynge syttes, with skyll & wyt
Suche one to rule, who thynkes not syt.

¶ A tonge that prudently coulde saye
What myght be sayde, and that with spede
A wyt that knewe, no stoppe nor staye
To gyue aduyse, in tyme of nede
A fytter matche, there coulde not be
Then tonge and wyll, thus to agree.

¶ A hearte moste earnest to mayntayne
Goddes trueth and his vnspotted lawe
No hope of mede, no feare of payne
From care of that, coulde hym withdrawe
O blessed realme, whose rulers be
So zelous in that thynge as he

¶ A man moste redy to defende
A ryght, and here a poore mans cause
No threatnynge foe, no fawnynge frende
Coulde make hym do, agaynste the lawe
As Lawes defende, a truth and ryght
So Lawyers shulde, withall theyr might

¶ Thus then the poore, his helpe doth myss
And Pallas lackes, her learned knyght
The Lawe doth lacke, a lyght of his
The Realme hath loste, a worthy wyght
And that whiche is the greatest gryefe
Goddes worde hath lost, a member chiefe.

¶ And yet not lost, whom Christ hath founde
And placed in heauen, I doubte it not
Thus he that lackte his legges on grounde
Before vs all, to heauen is got.
To heauen we se, the neatest waye
As vertue then, there is no naye.

¶ Finis. R. .M